

Books & Lavender

by SkullszEyes

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Summary: Dorian finds himself in the small hidden library, looking for books on magic, but instead he finds Cole who is also looking for a book. / implied romance.

Books & Lavender

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><p>One evening, Dorian found himself in the Skyhold library. He was unnerved by the dozen spiderwebs that still covered most of the area, the pages on the large grimoire looked faded, he almost wanted to head back to the library above the atrium, not this small alcove that no one bothered to visit.<p>

"Hello, Dorian."

Dorian's heart jolted in his chest, he turned to see Cole leaned against the bookcase, his hand untangling spiderwebs off several books and frowning at Dorian's reaction.

"Oh. I.. didn't see you, Cole. Were you standing there the entire time?"

Cole glanced at the web in his hand and shook it off before grasping the book and pulling it free. "What are you looking for?"

Dorian gritted his teeth and scanned the shelves and didn't feel inclined to dust the entire place clean. He'd have to get someone to do it and come back on another day.

"Solas.. Requested there are more books on magic and I wanted to read a few, but I've changed my mind. Why are you here? Aren't you usually in the tavern?" It's the only place he's seen Cole, besides near the

tents where he sullenly watches the wounded.

"One of the refugee's lost a son, a mage. I'm looking for a book with the same scent and the same imagery but I haven't found anything yet. The refugee is dying and I need to find it." Dorian was sure that when Cole turned away he heard, _'I need to help'._

It's something Cole has always said, calculated the happiness of others from the sadness, trying his best to change things, to ease the hearts, he has done it many times and yearns to continue. It's what Dorian realizes that Cole feels responsible, even when he spoke of what happened to him, or what happened to the _real_ Cole.

Dorian frowned and looked at the webs and let out a sigh. "I'll help."

Cole turned his head, his eyes a dull blue turned brighter, a smile pulled taut. He didn't think it was possible in such a small alcove away from others, a secret that once cold now turned warm. "Thank you, Dorian."

With another deep sigh, Dorian willed fire to appear in his hand and burned the webs away, careful so the flames wouldn't touch the books. "How does it smell like..?" Dorian didn't even know what he was asking, he felt silly that the words came out awkward.

"Sunshine lavender, a mist upon the cobbles, it was the sea, it was the grass, the ground, the air that warmed our bones. When he left, he was gone, the scent of him faded into nothing and the rain turned to tears, salty and hollow."

Dorian stilled, the fire still flickered but the description of what Cole just described didn't help in the least. He closed his hand, the warmth of the fire faded and he pulled out a book and opened it. The silence was gnawing as Dorian leaned into the book and smelled the pages.

Whatever the mage smelled like, Dorian knew he probably didn't smell like dust and stagnant water, it almost made his mouth parch as he pulled away and wrinkled his nose. Pushing the book back into the shelf, he turned to see Cole with his eyes closed and his nose against a book, smelling it.

Dorian couldn't help but raise his brow and smile. In all his life, he didn't think he'd be helping a spirit smell books in a dusty lone alcove, looking for a memory of a dead mage for a dying refugee.

"Is this really necessary?" Dorian asked.

Cole closed the book and narrowed his eyes at him. "Yes." He placed the book back and grabbed another.

"Couldn't you find lavender in the pantry and wait til it rains to offer it to the refugee?" Dorian wondered, of course it was a stupid idea since it didn't rain in Skyhold, they were surrounded by icy mountains.

"I'm sure you answered your own question, Dorian." This time Cole didn't look at him and Dorian was perturbed that he read his mind.

He picked up another book and sifted through the pages. Old faded words that meant nothing, some were of different languages, mostly elven, some dwarven. He didn't bother smelling it as he placed back and picked up another.

They were at this for about twenty minutes and Dorian was now reading a few books about magic. Some he already knew about, some that he wanted to test out on some enemies when they head out of Skyhold.

He glanced at Cole who wasn't smelling the book as he did for a few others but mostly looking at the pages. A tentative hand stroking the spine with careful precision before flipping through a page, his lips parting and his tongue darting out to lick at his bottom chapped lip.

Cole slammed the book shut and it snapped Dorian out of whatever reverie he was in. His heart hammering, he cleared his throat and raised his brows. "D-Did you find it?"

Cole wrinkled his nose and looked at Dorian. "Yes. Same imagery as inside the mind of the refugee, the smell of her son, keen and bright, never lost."

Dorian nodded, deciding to ignore that bit and pushing the book back into the shelf. "Alright then. You're going to give her the book?" He asked.

Cole nodded, hugging it to his chest. "Yes. I'll read her the passages that her son read to her, she'll feel as if he's there and she'll pass on without the pain. Content."

"I'll come with you," Dorian said.

Cole smiled and they headed out of the small alcove to the front of the Skyhold where most of the refugee's were. Dorian stayed back, watching Cole sit on the grass before an apostate, a woman with brown hair and silver strands, her eyes barely open and covered in a thick blanket. Her staff laid to the side, murmuring quietly.

Cole opened the book and began to read. Dorian watched, crossing his arms and caught the smile of the woman, her eyes no longer fighting to stay open. She relaxed on the cot and breathed without struggle until she no longer needed too.

Several minutes after, Dorian walked over to Cole who was still reading the last passage of poems.

"Lavender bright, flourish and quaint, never disembark the forest green, the winds have changed, the misty rain, and you my ever loving promise, have come home once again."

Cole closed the book and sighed deeply as if he too ached.

Dorian waited for a bit and finally asked, "Are you okay, Cole?"

Cole stood and turned to Dorian. "Yes. I'm fine. It's the hardest to say goodbye, but she will see her son again in the afterlife."

Dorian raised his brow, he didn't know if Cole was still quoting something from the book, but decided to ignore it. "Yes. She will."

Cole looked up at Dorian and smiled. "Thank you, Dorian. For.. being there."

Dorian chuckled as he lead Cole away from the refugee tents and noted one of the mages that an apostate died. Cole waited but he did not look as they hurried to the woman to sweep her away.

Cole held onto the book and when Dorian came back to him. "Are you going to keep the book?"

Cole shook his head. "No. I'll take it back, will you join me, Dorian?" And there was something in Cole's eyes that made Dorian's thoughts vanish, he cleared his throat and nodded.

"Of course."

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><p>authors notes:**

_Hey. There aren't many Dorian x Cole fics out there and wanted to write my own. :D __I'm terrible with poetry, so don't mind that. :/

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Reviews are appreciated. No flames or bashing please.

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